MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR
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217
APR

DENNY O'NEIL STORY | DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI ART | JOE ROSEN LETTERING | GEORGE ROUSSOS COLORING | RALPH MACCHIO EDITOR | JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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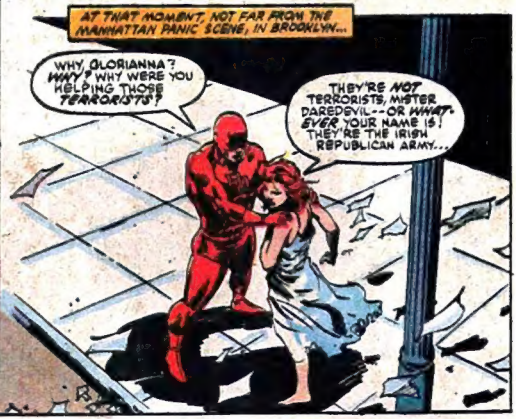
KHRASH

WHAT'S WRONG WITH 'EM?
I DUNNO... BUT I THINK...

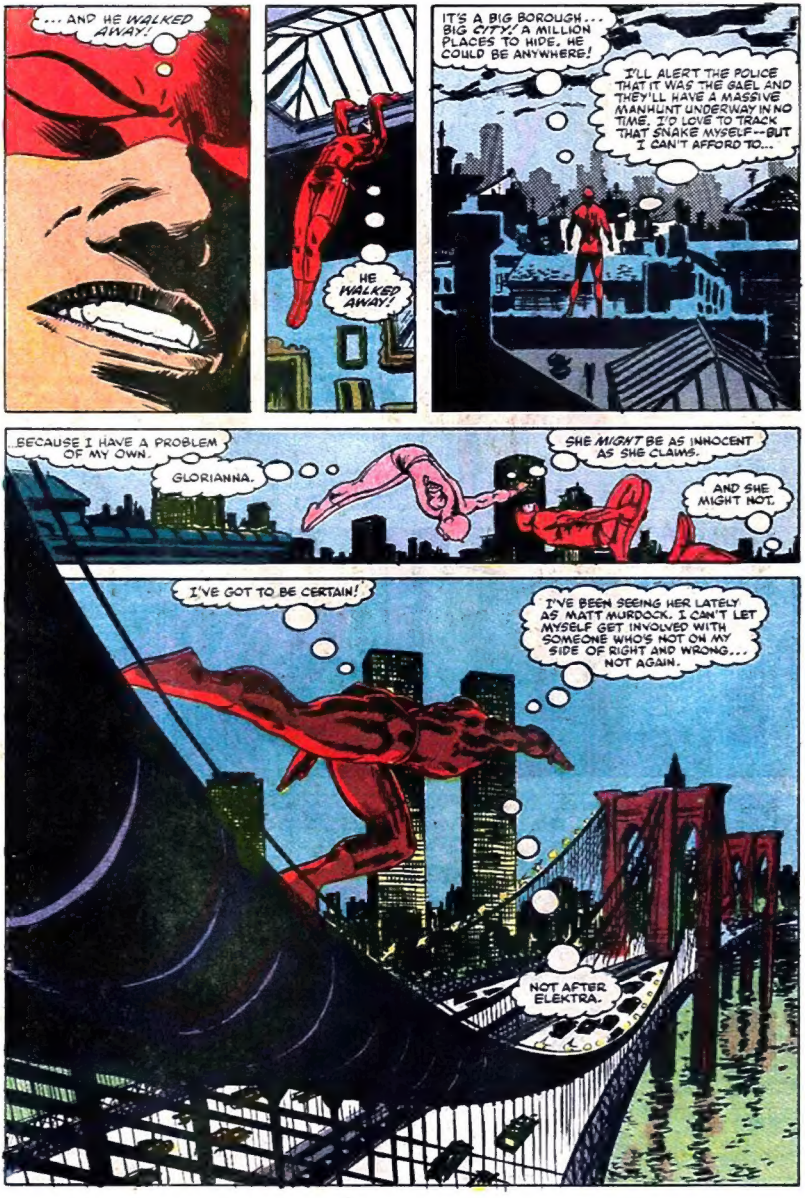
...I THINK THEY'VE ALL GONE BLIND!


AT THAT MOMENT, NOT FAR FROM THE MANHATTAN PANIC SCENE, IN BROOKLYN...
WHY, GLORIANNA? WHY? WHY WERE YOU HELPING THOSE TERRORISTS?
THEY'RE NOT TERRORISTS, MISTER DAREDEVIL--OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS! THEY'RE THE IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY...

...GOOD PEOPLE FIGHTIN' TO FREE THEIR HOME FROM OPPRESSION...ANY WAY THEY CAN!
AN' I WASN'T HELPIN' 'EM...NOT WITH THE SHOOTIN' AN' THE BOMBIN', I DON'T HAVE STOMACH FOR THE LIKES OF THAT!
I WAS A TRAVEL AGENT--

--MAKIN' ARRANGEMENTS FOR IRA MEN TO GET IN AND OUT OF THE STATES, AN' THAT'S ALL!
THEN WHY DID YOU DISGUISE YOURSELF?
ACH, 'TIS A DUMB QUESTION. THE IRA HAS ENEMIES!
MY HYPER-SENSITIVE HEARING SAYS HER HEART'S RACING. THAT COULD MEAN SHE'S LYING ...OR JUST SCARED!

SHE DID COME WITHIN MINUTES OF BEING TORTURED TO DEATH BEFORE I ARRIVED!
YOU'VE NO SHYNESS ABOUT ASKIN' QUESTIONS. NOW ANSWER ME ONE--WHY DO YOU WEAR THE MASK?
THAT'S A LONG STORY, MS. O'BREEN. IT CONCERNS A MAN NAMED STICK...
D.D. FOLLOWED A TRAIL OF CLUES THAT LED TO HIS RESCUING GLORIANNA FROM THE GAEL LAST NIGHT. --RALF
...MAYBE I'LL TELL IT SOMETIME.
MEANWHILE, WE'D BETTER GET YOU INTO A CAB.
GO HOME. STAY THERE. I'LL BE IN TOUCH--
RENSIC
--AFTER I MAKE SURE THAT THE GAELS LOCKED AWAY BEHIND THE THICKEST WALLS IN THE TIGHTEST JAIL IN TOWN.
THAT MADMAN MURDERED ALMOST A DOZEN INNOCENT PEOPLE SINCE HE ESCAPED FROM PRISON A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO. CAN'T TAKE CHANCES WITH HIM.
A RENEGADE FBI AGENT WHO ORIGINALLY CAME TO THE U.S. TO KILL GLORIANNA DELAFONTE FOR HIS INFORMATION AS TO HIS TRUE IDENTITY, HE WAS CAPTURED BY D.D., BUT ESCAPED JAIL LAST NIGHT--RELEASED
Delahanty's
I HEAR SIRENS IN THE DISTANCE. I GUESS SOMEONES FINALLY GOTTEN AROUND TO CALLING THE COPS.
NO PROBLEM. I'LL BE GONE BY THE TIME THEY GET HERE... AND THEY CAN TAKE CREDIT FOR NAILING THE GAEL.
HE'S GONE!
THE EYES DO NOT SEE, FOR HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN AN ACCIDENT YEARS AGO. BUT THE EARS, THE NOSE, AND THE SENSE HE CALLS HIS "RADAR," ALL OF WHICH WERE SUBSEQUENTLY DEVELOPED TO AN ACUTE DEGREE, DETECT NO LIKE IN THIS ROOM.
THERE ARE ONLY THE EMPTY HUSKS OF THOSE THE GAEL SLAUGHTERED... MUTE TESTIMONY TO HIS INSANE CRUELTY...
I HIT HIM... AS HARD AS I COULD... WITH A CHAIR... WHEN I SAW HIM HERE AT THE BAR WITH GLORIANNA...

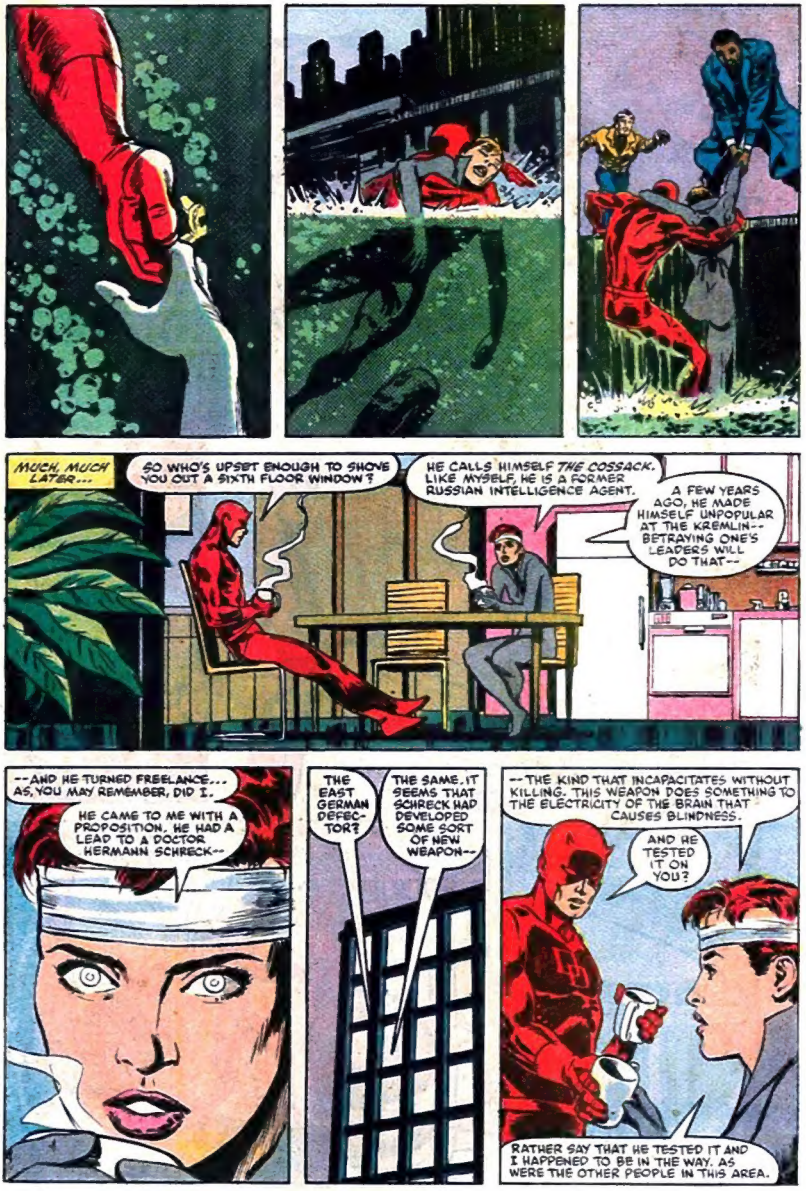

... AND HE WALKED AWAY!
HE WALKED AWAY!
IT'S A BIG BOROUGH... BIG CITY! A MILLION PLACES TO HIDE. HE COULD BE ANYWHERE!
I'LL ALERT THE POLICE THAT IT WAS THE GAEL AND THEY'LL HAVE A MASSIVE MANHUNT UNDERWAY IN NO TIME. I'D LOVE TO TRACK THAT SNAKE MYSELF--BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO...
BECAUSE I HAVE A PROBLEM OF MY OWN.
GLORIANNA.
SHE MIGHT BE AS INNOCENT AS SHE CLAIMS.
AND SHE MIGHT NOT.
I'VE GOT TO BE CERTAIN!
I'VE BEEN SEEING HER LATELY AS MATT MURDOCK. I CAN'T LET MYSELF GET INVOLVED WITH SOMEONE WHO'S NOT ON MY SIDE OF RIGHT AND WRONG... NOT AGAIN.
NOT AFTER ELEKTRA.

ONE PERSON IS FAMILIAR WITH THE INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE TERRORIST SCENE... SHE KNOWS MY OTHER IDENTITY--MATT MURDOCK, WE WERE LOVERS ONCE. CONFIDANTS. MAYBE SHE CAN GIVE ME THE INFORMATION I NEED.
THEN, HE STOPS THINKING FOR A TIME AND ALLOWS HIMSELF TO MOVE, TO SIMPLY MOVE...
MEANWHILE, AT THE LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK--
...HAVE TO LET YOU KNOW.
WHO WAS THAT?
DEBBIE. MY WIFE. SHE WANTS ME TO COME BACK. TO MOVE BACK INTO THE APARTMENT WITH HER.
YOU'LL DO IT, OF COURSE.
SEE, BECKY, THE THING IS, SHE LEFT ME. SHE WENT TO M'CAN SYNN!* I GUESS SHE WANTED TO MARRY HIM...
*UNSCRUPULOUS MEMBER OF THE AFRICAN KINGORGE TRIBE WHOSE VIRILE CHARMS PROVED TEMPORARILY IRRESISTIBLE FOR DEBBIE NELSON. -- BLABBERMOUTH RALF.
...OR SOMETHING.
ANYWAY, EVEN THOUGH SHE'S FINISHED WITH SYNN, I DON'T FEEL I CAN TRUST HER. AND I'VE GOT TO BE ABLE TO... TRUST HER. THAT IS.
WE NEED SOME TIME AWAY FROM EACH OTHER. IF ONLY... ONLY...
SAY, BECKY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING TONIGHT? IF YOU'RE NOT BUSY, MAYBE I COULD BUY YOU DINNER, OR--
I'M HAVING DINNER WITH MY MOTHER. I'M SORRY.
THAT'S OKAY. I'LL ASK MATT.
WONDER WHERE HE IS, ANYWAY.

AT THAT MOMENT...
PEOPLE MILLING AROUND...
...SMELLING OF FEAR... WHIMPERING...
BLIND?
BLIND. I COUNT AT LEAST FORTY OF 'EM.
SEEMS LIKE EVERYONE IN HALF-A-BLOCK.
HEADQUARTERS IS SENDING HELP AND THE HOSPITALS HAVE BEEN ALERTED. HOPE IT'LL BE ENOUGH.
ALL THESE PEOPLE STRUCK BLIND... LIKE SOMETHING OUTTA THE BIBLE!
MAYBE SHE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT. COINCIDENCES DO HAPPEN--! BUT THIS IS THE BLACK WIDOW'S APARTMENT BUILDING...
NEARBY...
WILL MY SIGHT EVER RETURN?
NO! WILL IT INDEED?

I WILL SPEAK TO YOU OF THIS, MY LITTLE APPLE. I WILL NOT LIE, PRETTY ONE. WE COSSACKS ARE THE VERY FATHERS OF TRUTH.
YOU WILL REMAIN IN DARKNESS UNTIL THE MOMENT YOU DIE. THAT IS BAD, EH?
BUT THERE IS GOOD, ALSO! BECAUSE--
--THAT MOMENT IS NOW!
FAREWELL, MY SWEETNESS!
KRHEESH
SOMETHING HEAVY COMING THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE WIDOW'S APARTMENT--

FALLING TOWARD THE RIVER--
BHONK
STRUCK SOMETHING AT THE WATER LEVEL--
SPLAASH
SOUNDED LIKE A BODY...ABOUT FIVE-SEVEN... ONE-TWENTY-FIVE ...MIGHT NOT BE THE WIDOW--
--BUT IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER, DOES IT. ALL THAT DOES MATTER IS THAT SOMEONE NEEDS MY HELP!

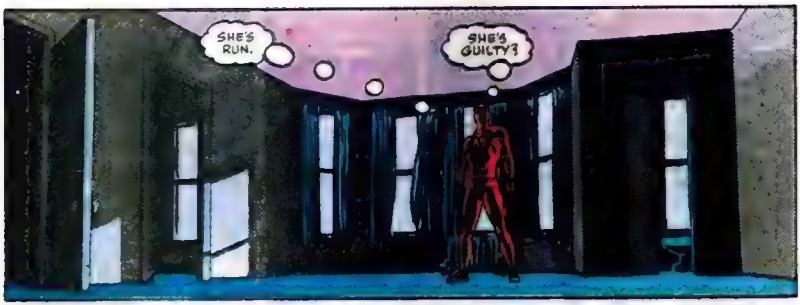

MUCH, MUCH LATER...
SO WHO'S UPSET ENOUGH TO SHOVE YOU OUT A SIXTH FLOOR WINDOW?
HE CALLS HIMSELF THE COSSACK. LIKE MYSELF, HE IS A FORMER RUSSIAN INTELLIGENCE AGENT.
A FEW YEARS AGO, HE MADE HIMSELF UNPOPULAR AT THE KREMLIN-- BETRAYING ONE'S LEADERS WILL DO THAT--
--AND HE TURNED FREELANCE... AS, YOU MAY REMEMBER, DID I.
HE CAME TO ME WITH A PROPOSITION. HE HAD A LEAD TO A DOCTOR HERMANN SCHRECK--
THE EAST GERMAN DEFECTOR?
THE SAME. IT SEEMS THAT SCHRECK HAD DEVELOPED SOME SORT OF NEW WEAPON--
--THE KIND THAT INCAPACITATES WITHOUT KILLING. THIS WEAPON DOES SOMETHING TO THE ELECTRICITY OF THE BRAIN THAT CAUSES BLINDNESS.
AND HE TESTED IT ON YOU?
RATHER SAY THAT HE TESTED IT AND I HAPPENED TO BE IN THE WAY. AS WERE THE OTHER PEOPLE IN THIS AREA.

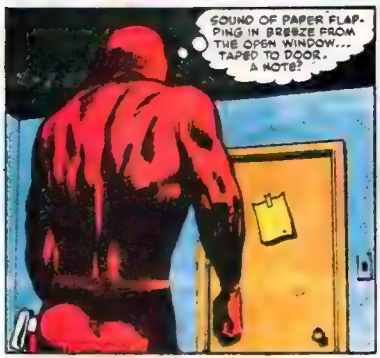
ANY IDEA HOW THIS NASTY GADGET WORKS?
IT HAS TO DO WITH RADAR. THE RADAR WAVES SERVE AS CARRIERS FOR WHATEVER DISRUPTS THE ENCEPHALIC FUNCTIONING.
RADAR, HUH? THERE WAS A SHAPE ON THE ROOF... COULD HAVE BEEN A MINIATURE TRANSMITTER--
IT WAS
MATTHEW? A QUESTION, PLEASE?
IN THE EVENT THAT... THAT MY VISION DOES NOT RETURN...
YES?
IS THERE A CHANCE YOU COULD TEACH ME? TO BE AS YOU ARE? TO DO WITHOUT SIGHT?
I... DON'T KNOW, NATASHA. THE MAN I LEARNED FROM IS GONE. AND I MYSELF AM NOT A TEACHER.
I'LL DO WHAT I CAN FOR YOU, MEANWHILE, SIT TIGHT. I'LL SEND SOMEONE TO SHOW YOU A FEW TRICKS THAT'LL HELP YOU GET AROUND.
I WOULD BE GRATEFUL FOR THAT, MATTHEW.

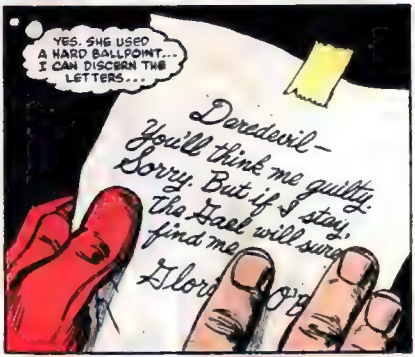
THE THING -- THE TRANSMITTER -- IS GONE. THE COSSACK MUST'VE RETRIEVED IT WHILE I WAS FISHING NATASHA OUT OF THE EAST RIVER.
MAYBE EVENTUALLY I'LL REFLECT ON THE IRONY OF BEING INVOLVED IN A SITUATION WITH ELECTRONIC RADAR...
...BUT FOR NOW, I'LL JUST USE MY OWN VERSION OF RADAR...
HE DOES, AND FOR A TIME, HE IS HAPPY.
LATER, AT THE OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK:
MATT? IS THAT YOU, MATT?
BE THERE IN A MINUTE, FOGGY.
I SWEAR I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU DO IT--
--GET IN AND OUT OF YOUR ROOM WITHOUT MY SEEING YOU, THAT IS.
I DO IT WITH MIRRORS?
MATT, GLORIANNA O'BREEN CALLED. SHE WANTS YOU TO--
THE TOP OF THE NEWS AT THIS HOUR...
SHHH...I WANT TO HEAR THIS.
...MAN CALLING HIMSELF "THE COSSACK" IS CLAIMING RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE INEXPLICABLE ATTACK OF BLINDNESS THAT STRUCK RESIDENTS OF AN EAST SIDE BLOCK EARLIER TODAY...
...DEMANDING FIFTEEN MILLION IN GEMS...
...IF PAYMENT IS NOT MADE, HE'LL CAUSE A SECOND DISASTER...

EARLIER THE MAYOR'S OFFICE RECEIVED A VIDEOTAPE, ALLEGEDLY FROM THE COSSACK. WE HAVE OBTAINED A COPY...
UNLESS I AM PAID, DEATH WILL RAIN DOWN ON FOOLISH NEW YORK TONIGHT...
...MAYOR TOLD REPORTERS THAT NEW YORKERS REFUSE TO BE INTIMIDATED BY CHEAP THREATS...
HE WAS PROBABLY BEATING HIS CHEST AS HE SAID IT.
YOU THINK THERE'S ANYTHING TO THIS, MATT?
MATT?
WHERE'D HE GO?
OBVIOUSLY, YOUR CITY GOVERNMENT DOES NOT FEEL THE COSSACK WILL MAKE GOOD HIS PROMISE.
WILL HE?
YES. HE WILL TAKE YOUR MAYOR'S WORDS AS A PERSONAL INSULT AND HE WILL NOT REST UNTIL HE IS AVENGED.
YOU SOUND LIKE HE'LL DO HIS DIRTY WORK REGARDLESS OF WHETHER OR NOT HE'S PAID.
PROBABLY THIS IS TRUE. THE COSSACK IS NOT EXACTLY A MADMAN -- NOT LIKE THE GABL YOU WERE PURSUING -- BUT HE IS NOT EXACTLY SANE, EITHER.

ANY IDEA WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT CRACK ABOUT DEATH RAINING DOWN ON NEW YORK?
I DO NOT KNOW, MATTHEW. I CONFESS THAT I AM NOT REASONING WELL TODAY. THIS BLINDNESS, IT... UPSETS ME. I TOUCH THE WORLD THROUGH MY EYES.
THERE ARE OTHER WAYS TO TOUCH THE WORLD, NATASHA.
RADAR...VENGEANCE... DEATH RAINING DOWN. NONE OF IT MAKES ANY SENSE.
NO POINT IN MY STEWING OVER IT.
I NEVER ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING BY STEWING. AND ANYWAY--
--IT'S NOT MY PROBLEM.
THE AUTHORITIES CAN SWEAT THE COSSACK. THE MAYOR CAN SWEAT THE COSSACK.
GLORIANNA O'BREEN... SHE'S MY WORRY.
NATASHA IS IN NO SHAPE TO GET ME THE ANSWERS I NEED. SO I'D BETTER HAVE ANOTHER SHOT AT QUESTIONING GLORI HERSELF.
NO HEAT FROM LIGHT BULBS. NO MOVEMENT. NO NOISE OR VIBRATION FROM CLOCK-AND-APPLIANCE MOTORS. FAINT SMELL OF MOTHBALLS IN THE AIR--SHE TOOK CLOTHES FROM THE CLOSET AND...
SHE'S GONE. ABANDONED THE APARTMENT.


SHE'S RUN.
SHE'S GUILTY?


SOUND OF PAPER FLAPPING IN BREEZE FROM THE OPEN WINDOW... TAPED TO DOOR. A NOTE?


YES. SHE USED A HARD BALLPOINT... I CAN DISCERN THE LETTERS...
Daredevil—
You'll think me guilty. Sorry. But if I stay, the Hand will surely find me
Gloria

SOMETHING ELSE HERE... MORE WRITING. BUT WITHOUT INK—PROBABLY AN IMPRESSION OF WHAT SHE WROTE ON THE PAGE ABOVE THIS ONE.
IT SAYS: TWA 11:50

TWA... TRANSWORLD AIRLINES? AT ELEVEN-FIFTY TONIGHT? HER FLIGHT OUT OF NEW YORK?
MUST BE.

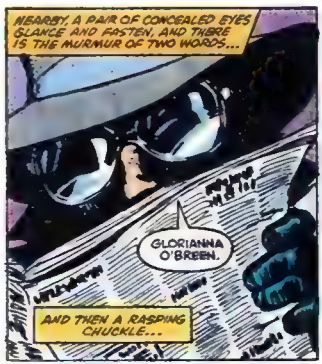
IT HAPPENS, THEN.
THERE WAS NO POINT IN STEWING ABOUT IT. WE NEVER ACCOMPLISHES ANYTHING BY STEWING.
BUT WHEN HE IS READY TO UNDERSTAND, HE DOES.
HE IS READY.

RADAR... AND DEATH RAINING DOWN... THE COSSACK'S GOING TO STRIKE AT--
"--AN AIRPORT..."
YOU ARE ALL PREPARED?
REMEMBER, WEAR THE HEAD-GEAR. IF YOU DO NOT, THERE IS DANGER YOU WILL BE BLINDED.
LEMME GET THIS STRAIGHT ---YOU WANT US TO HIT THE AIR TRAFFIC CON-TROLLERS ROOM AND TAKE OUT ANY GUARDS.
THEN YOU WANT US TO KEEP IT BUTTONED UP WHILE YOU INSTALL THAT RADAR THING. LIKE FIFTEEN MINUTES.
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?
AT THIS MOMENT, ARE PERHAPS TWO-HUN-DRED FIFTY AIRPLANES OVER CITY. AS SOON AS RADAR WAVE STRIKES THEM, EVERYONE IN-SIDE IS BLIND.
ALSO ARE BLINDED AIR TRAFFIC CON-TROLLERS. RESULT? MANY CRASHES. MANY DEATHS.
TOMORROW, THEY BRG TO PAY US FIFTEEN MILLION.

HO! WAIT A MOMENT. I SEE PRETTY FEMALE.
WE AIN'T GOT TIME FOR THAT. ANY SECOND NOW, SOMEBODY'LL RECOGNIZE YOU.

MY LITTLE DUMPLING... COME TO ME TOMORROW AND I BUY YOU DIAMONDS.
BOYO, YOU CAN BE AFTER TAKIN' AWAY YOUR FINGER OR YOU CAN BE HAVIN' IT BITTEN OFF!

SORRY! I LIKE SPIRIT IN WOMAN. REMEMBER-- TOMORROW DIAMONDS.

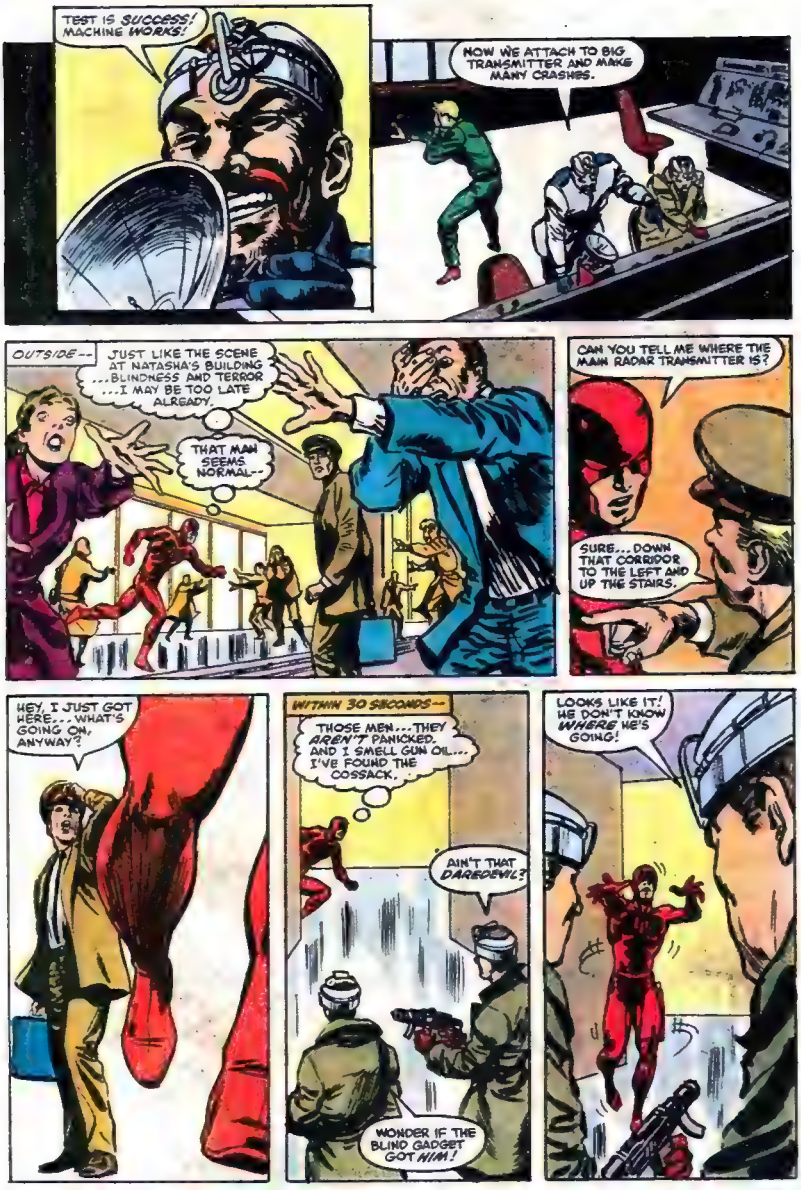

NEARBY, A PAIR OF CONCEALED EYES GLANCE AND FASTEN, AND THERE IS THE MURMUR OF TWO WORDS...
GLORIANNA O'BREEN.
AND THEN A RASPING CHUCKLE...

LESS THAN A MINUTE LATER...
HEY! YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE--
AIR RADAR

THUD

NOW IS FOR PUTTING ON HEADGEAR.

WE TEST MACHINE AND THEN WE ATTACH IT TO RADAR TRANSMITTER.
AT THAT MOMENT...
'TIS A WEE BLADE YER FEELIN' IN YER BACK, LASSIE. IF YE DON'T WANT IT IN YER GIZZARD, YOU'LL COOPERATE.
THE GAEL.
THE SAME. MOVE TOWARD THE CLOSET OVER THERE.
ISN'T IT TRUE THAT YE CAME TO THIS AIRFIELD TO ESCAPE FROM ME? AS I CAME TO ESCAPE THE LAW?
Y-YES.
ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE JOKES THAT WE MEET, EH?
I'M AFRAID YE'LL BE MISSIN' YER PLANE BACK AT THE BAR IN BROOKLYN. I PROMISED YE A SLOW DEATH. AN' I'M NOT ONE TO BE RENEGIN', OF COURSE. I'VE ME *OWN* PLANE TO CATCH, SO I WON'T HAVE THE JOY OF *WATCHIN'* YE PERISH.
BUT I'LL USE ME KNIFE AN' I'LL DO A LITTLE OF THIS AN' A LITTLE OF THAT AN' I'LL LEAVE KNOWIN' YE'LL BE HOURS DYIN'...
EH--?
ME *EYES!*


TEST IS SUCCESS! MACHINE WORKS!
NOW WE ATTACH TO BIG TRANSMITTER AND MAKE MANY CRASHES.
OUTSIDE--
JUST LIKE THE SCENE AT NATASHA'S BUILDING ...BLINDNESS AND TERROR ...I MAY BE TOO LATE ALREADY.
THAT MAN SEEMS NORMAL--
CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE MAIN RADAR TRANSMITTER IS?
SURE... DOWN THAT CORRIDOR TO THE LEFT AND UP THE STAIRS.
HEY, I JUST GOT HERE... WHAT'S GOING ON, ANYWAY?
WITHIN 30 SECONDS--
THOSE MEN... THEY AREN'T PANICKED. AND I SMELL GUN OIL... I'VE FOUND THE COSSACK.
AIN'T THAT DAREDEVIL?
WONDER IF THE BLIND GADGET GOT HIM!
LOOKS LIKE IT! HE DON'T KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING!

A FEW FEET AWAY...
MO! IS ALL SET! I THROW SWITCH AND--
WHASH
UNGH!

YOU... YOU AIN'T BLIND.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
HELP... HELP...
...HELP...
GLORIANNA'S VOICE!

WHUMPF
PLEASE, SOMEBODY...
EASY, MS. O'BREEN. YOU'LL BE OKAY.
I'LL FIND YE...
...FIND YE AND KILL YE SLOW...
GUESS WHO.

OUTSIDE, SLEEK AIRCRAFT SWOOP DOWN THROUGH THE NOVEMBER AIR TO BOUNCE BRIEFLY ON THE TARMAC AND COAST TO SAFETY...
--THEIR PASSENGERS, DISEMBARKING, INDIFFERENT OR HAPPY OR JUST PLAIN RELIEVED TO BE ON THE GROUND, TOTALLY UNAWARE OF THE TERRIBLE DANGER THEY HAVE PASSED THROUGH...
SOON--
YOU'RE SURE ABOUT THIS, NATASHA?
I AM, MATTHEW. I MADE SOME TELEPHONE CALLS. MY INFORMANTS ASSURE ME THAT YOUR GLORIANNA O'BRIEN IS THE SOUL OF INNOCENCE. SHE HAS NEVER COMMITTED A TERRORIST ACT IN HER LIFE.
DO ME A FAVOR? REACH BEHIND YOU AND SWITCH ON THE LIGHT.
SURE.
BUT WHY?
BECAUSE I NEED LIGHT TO SEE.
DOES THAT MEAN?-?
YES, MATTHEW. THE TIME OF DARKNESS IS PAST.
END.

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

RALPH MACCHIO: editor-BOB HARRAS: assistant editor
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Attention correspondents: if you don't want your full address printed, please be sure to tell us so!

To All Concerned,

"The Blindness Men Wish For" brought out a couple of good points that I think are worth elaborating. First, laws are useless if no one is willing to defend them. Second, and more importantly, heroism isn't about beating the stuffings out of a super-villain. Ultimately, it's about having the courage to stand up for one's convictions. That's why Daredevil is a hero, and that's why Professor Piper died a true hero, even though he didn't accomplish much against Synn's organization. Even Foggy acted heroically, if not ineffectually in this issue.

I can't wait for "The Final Confrontation." I'm sure it will live up to the recent superb work by Mr. O'Neil and Mr. Mazzucchelli.

Duane Tremaine
Route I
South Beloit, IL 61080

Dear Denny and Ralph,

I have just read DAREDEVIL #213 and it's the last straw. I cannot bear to see one of the most long-standing characters in the Marvel Universe twisted beyond all recognition.

I refer not to Daredevil, but to Foggy's wife, Debbie Nelson. The Debbie who has appeared in this book almost from it's beginning has seemingly disappeared from these normally illustrious pages. Debbie was always cheerful, likeable, and all sweetness and light. Today's Debbie is haughty, patronizing and downright unpleasant. And we are expected to believe that she would blackmail Foggy into lying at a press conference.

I still remember the exact moment that I began to think something was wrong with Debbie. It was her brief appearance in issue #197, when she addressed Foggy as Franklin (on its own, a major lapse in character) and was pictured with her head turned haughtily skyward. And that is the vein in which she has been portrayed ever since.

I am not, of course, the first person to pass comment on this. I was happy to see a couple of letters on the subject in issue #209, and astonished by your glib response that "people do change." Well of course people change from time to time, but if they do there has to be a reason and it has to happen over a convincing period of time. In this case Debbie suddenly became a very different person. What is needed now is a shocking revelation which would reveal how Debbie changed so drastically. You see I'm not really concerned with getting the old Debbie back, I just would like an explanation as to why she changed in the first place.

Julian Gibbs
(No Address Given)

Dear Ralph,

DAREDEVIL #213 was an outstanding issue. I'm glad that Foggy and Debbie are back together again. They need each other. I am looking forward to the final confrontation. I hope that Synn gets what he deserves.

John Blasi
Belmar, N.J.

Dear Editors,

Foggy and Debbie together again!
Hip, Hip, Hurray!

Tom Janus
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Ralph and Bob,

I'm glad that Debbie learned the hard way that Foggy is the only man for her. They were made for one another.

P. Moody
(No Address Given)

It seems that the status of the Nelson marriage is on just about everyone's mind these days, and that's hardly surprising because, as Julian Gibbs points out, they are two of Matt's oldest friends.

While it does appear that Debbie has seen the error of her ways, it's a bit early in the game to say that she and Foggy have reconciled. Although the first tentative steps back have been taken, there's still a lot of hurt and pain that has to be dealt with before Foggy and Debbie can resume their marriage. And that means there's going to be a lot of soul-searching over the next few months — soul-searching that may reveal a lot we don't know about Foggy and Debbie. Maybe it will reveal things they don't know about *themselves*.

Keep watching . . . it should prove interesting.

Dear Devil's Advocators,

Well, Micah Synn is really asking for it, isn't he? So far he has killed off the woman who was hired to impersonate the Kingpin's wife, Vanessa. Then he killed Marco and he's probably killed off Crossbow, because we haven't seen or heard from him since DAREDEVIL #210. And now he's killed off Professor Piper in issue #213. After killing off so many people he cannot be allowed to run loose.

I can't see that you are going to make all of Micah's new-found civilized ways his downfall. He has been eating, smoking, and drinking to excess and I'm sure this will be his undoing.

David Bonnery
4569 Shamrock Lane
House Springs, MO 63051

Good guess, David! Living high on the hog certainly was responsible for Micah's somewhat ignominious defeat in issue #214. In the end, his own worst enemy was himself.

As for everyone's favorite medieval enthusiast and assassin for hire . . . Crossbow is safely in the hands of New York's finest, thanks to DD as shown last issue. But we wouldn't be too surprised if he finds a way out of their custodial care before too long.

Dear Guys,

I have to congratulate you guys on DAREDEVIL #213. It was super. But I do have a few questions. Why'd you kill off Professor Piper? He made the story so much better.

Where has the Black Widow been? Didn't she care that Micah wanted to kill Daredevil?

Eric Hendin
1045 Park Ave.
N.Y., N.Y. 10028

Eric, we didn't kill Professor Piper — Micah Synn did. But at least he died a hero, as noted by reader Duane Tremaine above, and *that* counts for something, doesn't it?

As for the Black Widow — well, our lovely Russian countess is back this very issue (and with some problems of her own, we might add). As to why Natasha didn't help Matt during the Synn affair, the answer is simple: he didn't ask her. If he had, she would have been right at his side. Remember, Matt and Natasha have a very complex relationship dating back to the days when they were partners; they are willing to give up their lives for each other, yet they also respect and honor their right to handle their individual problems on their own.

Dear Ralph and Bob,

I've been collecting DAREDEVIL ever since issue #182, and I am curious why "the man without fear" was dropped from the logo. I've always been partial to that title and wish you would bring it back.

Dave Evans
5 Walden Place
Montclair, N.J.

Y'know what, Dave? We were always kinda partial to "the man without fear" line ourselves. That's why you've seen it incorporated into our spankin' new logo which has been gracing our covers since issue #215. Both the logo and our nifty new letter column masthead were designed by our own Mike "Rusty" Higgins, assistant editor on the FANTASTIC FOUR and Marvel's own (and only) Grateful Dead fanatic. We think the boy really outdid himself this time!

Next issue: The return of one of D.D.'s most bizarre baddies in a daringly different role. You'll see it all come to life in 30 days. Bye.